



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

him along the delightful stream of love; it was a passage to him as full of beauty, and the current was as swift as that of the Bosphorus, which connects the tempestuous Black Sea with the ampler waters of the great Mediterranean; where, as upon the sea of real life, the enjoyment of the passing hour is found in the deep blue sunny waters we sail on, more than in any anticipation of pleasure upon reaching the distant shores we know not of. Our Poor Artist sailed down his Bosphorus truly into the hands of a big Turk.

"He was a large man with a red face and a strong voice; he wore a green velvet waistcoat; had his hair powdered in the old style; and carried a great emerald-headed cane.

"I see what has happened!" said the uncle, in an angry voice.

"The old lady was all amazement. She had never dreamed that anything was 'happening!' The alarming uncle took Aurelia aside. There was no help for her; and with many blushes she confessed the state of her heart. He then took the Poor Artist aside.

"'Now, sir,' said he, 'what reparation can you possibly make for the domestic mischief you have done? My niece confesses that you have had the wickedness to make her an offer of marriage. But she has no fortune, unless she marries with my consent. And I should be mad to give that to a Poor Artist like you. No, sir. Good morning, sir.'

"The disconsolate artist went his way. It was a heavy day for him."

But the "alarming uncle" was more unkind theoretically than practically, like many good people beside, who possess more heart than brain. The Poor Artist

"had not walked above a mile, before the uncle came riding after him.

"I have spoken once more with my niece," said he. "She is a very foolish young girl. Ahem! I don't wish to be a tyrant; no, I only wish to act rationally. I am a philosopher of The World as it is, and must remain. I exact accordingly, and can also make allowances. If, instead of wandering about the country in this way, you will go to some town or city, and work—paint a good picture, and exhibit it, and gain some reputation—in fact, make a *name*, then you can return here, and if my niece remains in the same mind about you, we may think of it."

"Ah, sir," said the artist, "you are very good, but you don't know!" He felt it was of no use to explain.

"Don't know," cried the uncle. "I know quite enough. Go, I repeat it; and make a name. If I were a young fellow in your circumstances, I would soon make a name, I'll answer for it."

"Oh, how, sir?" asked the Poor Artist, earnestly. "And of what sort?"

"Of a capital sort, to be sure!" shouted the uncle. "I would astonish—that's the point—I would astonish people. I would paint something that the eye of man had never before seen."

"Then perhaps nobody would understand it," said the artist, innocently.

"Pooh! what has understanding to do with the matter, so that people are astonished? Mankind are not led by their understandings, but by what they do *not* understand. The world

will run after any *ignis fatuus*; but no man will run after a wax taper, though it be carried by a prophet. I say you must astonish—astound—confound! Understanding is the destruction of astonishment. When people know all about things, wonder ceases. Yes, yes. Go and paint something perfectly wonderful—incredible; something, I say, which the eye of man has never yet seen,—and *that* will gain you a name."

"So saying the uncle slipped a sealed packet into his hand, and rode away. Inclosed were twenty guineas, enveloped in a hasty scrawl, to the effect that they were in payment for his nine green-house pictures."

Here we leave the Poor Artist for the present, promising to our young readers, that to them the most interesting portion of the book we make them acquainted with, is past. What follows is intended to instruct older, but not better hearts—to point a moral rather than to adorn a tale.

(*To be continued.*)

### THE T SQUARES.

CUTE GREEN.—THE BUILDING COMMITTEE.

"To return to our subject," continued the Linden T Square; "I propose to give you the history of Cute Green, Esq., the member of the building committee of Dr. Popperl's church, recently erected on the corner of Smith street and Fifth Avenue. Cute Green was born at Jericho, New London County, Connecticut, a village located not far from the Thames River, but just far enough off not to command a view of that romantic stream. I am myself a great admirer of poetry in whatever shape it presents itself; but I heartily agree with you that the stories told about the formation of New London County are far from the truth. The legend current among the old settlers (reported to be derived from the Indians) is, that when the world was about done, New London County was made up of the remaining odds and ends. It would certainly appear to be so, as the eye stretches across the slightly undulating country strewn with greenish-grey granite boulders, from the size of a bantam hen to that of an elephant, in such marvelous proximity, that, with little exertion, you can jump from one to the other for miles and miles, without touching the intervening soil. Cute Green's father—Old Green, as we shall call him—was a small farmer, that is, a farmer owning twenty-five acres of land and an old clap-boarded one story-and-a-half square house, containing two small rooms and a huge chimney-place on the ground-floor, with the addition of a *lean-to*, awkwardly attached to the rear, which accommodated the domestic offices of kitchen and woodhouse, and a workshop to do odd jobs in pertaining to the operations of the farm. How old Green managed to make a living on a farm of twenty-five acres (one half of it woodland), where it is currently reported the squirrels sit on the boulders from sunrise to sundown, crying for bread! bread! is a mystery our friend Cute never liked to touch upon, and which can only be explained by the theory that Green earned one-half, while his wife saved the other half that was necessary to satisfy the limited wants of the family. With unremitting labor from early dawn until late in the evening, Old Green raised enough to supply the simple table with vegetables and bread, and a small crop of oats or buckwheat, to swap at the provision store in New London for a barrel of salt beef; this, with the home-cured pork, formed an agreeable alternation of dishes for

daily consumption, it being relieved once or twice a year by a roast turkey and appropriate fixings. Fowls, calves, and pigs, raised on the farm, together with the best part of the butter and eggs, were carefully stored away to be carried from time to time into New London or Norwich to be exchanged for a small allowance of tea and the necessary wearing apparel. The latter was selected more with an eye to durability and cheapness than for its pleasing effect upon the person; a fact which slightly concerned young Cote, for his new breeches were invariably manufactured out of his father's old ones; the nap-worn raiment was skillfully dissected by his mother's hand, and re-composed into a serviceable garment, limited in usefulness only by the rapid growth of our young and interesting friend.

"Taught the rudiments of spelling by his mother on winter evenings, and practically instructed by his father in the labors of the farm at all times, as soon as Cote Green grew up so as to be of use, he found himself at his fifteenth year possessing a rather limited idea of the progress of this great world, his travels having extended no further than the good old town of New London. Here he had been twice to listen to an extra political sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. McDowell, on Thanksgiving-day, and to wonder at two or three whaling vessels lying in the harbor at that time. Old Green, when a youth, had violent visions of emigrating to the then called Far West, meaning thereby the country west of Albany, in the State of New York; where, according to sanguine letters from thrifty Eastern emigrants, heaps of money were to be made by almost any operation a man could engage in. But although Green was fond of money, he was equally fond of Perseverance, the daughter of Deacon Saltonstall, and she, with a persistence worthy of her name, dear soul, held a determined opposition to a removal from the land where her family and family's friends had thrived so long, and had acquired so honorable a name. Old Green, therefore, had jogged on, ever regretting his lost opportunities on occasions such as an addition to the family or pressing want of ready cash. If the truth must be told, Green gradually lost, if ever he really possessed it, all the definite notions of the use of money. Had he suddenly come in possession of a fortune it would have troubled him considerably how to dispose of it, beyond an outlay of some few hundred dollars to stock his farm with. Still he often wished he had a little money at interest, just to test the process of putting money at interest; an idea of which he got from his friend, the provision dealer, in New London, who was supposed to be posted on financial matters, and matters of interest in particular."

"Now, for other points of character, in politics Old Green was an old-school democrat, and in religion a puritan of the strictest kind. Old Green acknowledged no code of laws beyond the Constitution of the United States and the statutes of the state of Connecticut; and no moral philosophy beyond the Bible, as interpreted by himself, according to the dictates of his own conscience. It is not to be wondered at, that Old Green,—although in the main an honest man, who paid his debts, and attended to the observances of religion, pressed on all sides by want and the impotence to relieve it, limited in his knowledge of the world by the boundaries of his farm, and enlightened but occasionally by a secondhand sight of the county "Democrat,"—should entertain but confused notions, if any, of the duties and feelings of a complete man. Indeed, we cannot blame him, only the circumstances he was placed in. How could it be otherwise, goaded by Fortune's roughest thorn within the hedge of incomprehensible law and conventional religion! Why should he not

occasionally be thumped so hard against his moral inclosure, as to force him to break out into the realm of vice and meanness. Old Green was, as the world goes, honest; he never told a positive falsehood; but was apt to ignore a slight taint in his butter, or prone to cover it with a layer of a fresher article when pressed for money that could only be realized by a favorable sale. Punctilious in paying his acknowledged obligations, in case of an involuntary or unavoidable encroachment upon the rights of his neighbor, he was ever ready to claim his rights, in case of suffering from the injustice or carelessness of others; he was more inclined to appeal to 'the tooth for tooth' and 'eye for eye' principle of the *Old Testament*, than to the charitable principles of the New. His wife, pious and gentle, thrifty and sharp, partook of the feelings and principles of her husband; she shared them sufficiently to adore money as an unattainable object; she regarded money through the eye of female instinct—and experience—as a condition for the enjoyment of comfort and feeling, and to her, within the limits of the laws of the land, money ought to be got somehow, and somewhere; far off, perhaps—she supposed out West, or down in New York; perhaps at New London, where she promised herself she would send her second son and youngest child, Cote, to make his fortune, to atone for her own endless toil, and her unwillingness to emigrate with her husband when he wished her to do so. And so when Cote got to be fifteen years of age, he was sent to New London to be apprenticed to the provision dealer aforesaid, with strict injunctions to observe the Sabbath, to abstain from drinking, smoking, and other vices, and to be wide awake to the main chance, and return some day the pride of his parents—a rich man."

"Cote was a shrewd boy, not overburdened with learning beyond the bare knowledge of reading, and writing, and arithmetic as far as division, but he was endowed with native keenness to cope with the world, and get the advantage of it in small matters. 'By adding cent to cent a dollar is made,' was a precept strongly impressed upon a mind which needed only another maxim, 'a penny saved is a penny earned,' to advance him on the road to wealth as fast as circumstances would permit. The trifling change handed him by his father when he left was therefore stowed away in the innermost recesses of his little trunk to form the nucleus of a capital to be augmented in the future as rapidly as the utmost application, strictest frugality, and constant speculation would permit, and to be reduced under no circumstances whatever. Young Cote combined within himself many of the elements necessary to make a successful merchant, a useful and prominent citizen, and an ornament to any society he might be thrown in; he was inured to hard work, and was burdened with but few wants, but he lacked two very important characteristics. In the first place, he cherished no such noble aims. He had no idea of being a useful member of society, a citizen of distinction, or even an intelligent merchant; he desired to *make money*. He was 'bound to be rich,' by every means that presented themselves, and which did not run contrary to the laws of the land. If he could do so best by becoming a merchant, a merchant he would be, but if singing with negro minstrels offered a better chance of success, he would prefer that. In the next place, his means to accomplish his end were not properly selected. A desire for wealth has formed the incentive to many useful actions in the life of young men, when properly regulated. The boy who, to acquire a fortune, applies himself to the study of commerce in order to acquaint himself with the resources and productions of different countries, the manufac-

ture of goods, their qualities and properties; he who studies the financial systems of all parts of the globe thoroughly, and who understands the routine of business book-keeping and correspondence, and makes himself master of foreign languages, must, with industry, good sense, and persevering application, rise to the position of a truly great merchant, and enjoy the natural consequences of such a position. Not so with our friend Coute. The idea of studying commerce, if even such an idea entered his mind, appeared entirely impractical. He desired an immediate return in cash for every exertion made: his object was to *make money*, not *ultimately*, but *immediately*. It is not surprising, therefore, that before his apprenticeship had fully expired, he voted it a 'slow business,' without consulting either his employer or his parents. He accordingly gathered all the ready cash he could command, and went into the State of New York to follow the vocation of travelling peddler—a humble avocation, but one not chosen through humility. Here was a field of action well suited to the small grasp of his speculative mind. He made it a rule to continually travel from one place to another without ever retracing his steps. Wherever he stopped to sell his wares, he was sure to explore every house, and every man, woman, or child who was likely to purchase. Coute was eloquent and earnest like a political orator; he looked forward to gain; whatever he sold, was sold to the greatest possible advantage in the way of making a profit. He would never return to be charged with misstatement, and as for the remorse of a conscience, Coute never looked within his breast to know that he had one. There was no necessity of studying the manufacture and quality of his goods, the sources they came from, nor even their intrinsic value; the question was simply, how cheap could they be bought? how substantial or beautiful do they appear to be? what can I say in their favor, and what will they bring? It is better to buy a nostrum not worth two cents for a quarter of a dollar, if it can be sold for a dollar, than to buy goods for their real value, if only a moderate advance is to be realized from their sale. These were the principles upon which Coute operated—and he prospered.

"After carrying his pack for six years, Coute had accumulated a few thousand dollars, wherewith to operate in the city of New York. With the money he possessed, and a limited credit with the auction establishments of the metropolis, acquired during his probation as a peddler, he managed to buy up goods at auction, and sell them at a large advance to retail dealers. In all his transactions, the education he had received at Jericho told marvellously upon results. Ready to work early and late, unscrupulous as to niceties in dealing with men, as long as he did not offend the laws of the land or the laws of God, according to his own interpretation—a latitude he was cunning enough to make ample use of; always on the alert for his immediate interest; never too proud to make a trifle, and bold as a lion and as sly as a fox, Coute Green devoted himself entirely to business. Every action of his life was regulated by an answer to the question—*Does it pay?* Of course, it did not pay to enjoy himself, to grant himself the slightest relaxation. It did not pay to read books, to hear music, to see pictures, or to travel. It did not pay to have friends to whom favors have to be granted from time to time, or friends that might know his weaknesses, or whose society led to expense or neglect of business. It would not have paid to get married, and surely Coute never would have done it, had not the daughter of a rich auctioneer presented herself as a passable speculation. The old gentleman was rather sickly, and had retired from business,

and was not disinclined to 'fork over' immediately some ready cash to a thrifty son-in-law, in order to settle a daughter who was rather *passé*, her chances diminishing daily with increasing maturity. Coute turned it over in his mind, and he thought it would *pay*, and he did it.

"Coute Green never had time to think; he had time only to read the papers, and when he did read them, the advertisements occupied him to the exclusion of all news, as well as the political interests of the day. If he enjoyed any kind of abstract thought, it was that which treated of the 'dignity of labor.' Coute's political biases and habits of reflection always swung on the pivot of interest. He had a notion that foreigners spoiled trade by underselling him, or by furnishing better articles to his customers; at all events, it was clear to him that if they could be discouraged from coming to this country, there would be less competition, and he could do better. Of course, it did not pay to enter into the subject sufficiently to find that immigration increased the number of consumers and producers as well, and, more than that, of the traders, so he voted the Know-Nothing ticket when he could spare the time to go to the polls. The subjects of free trade and protection puzzled him; his profits on foreign and native goods were so equally balanced, he never could tell which was truer in principle. In religion, Coute Green occupied front pew. In the first place, it was more respectable, and enhanced his credit; besides, his wife insisted upon it, and he was in the habit of going to church three times a day from a boy. In the next place he felt as though, by strict attention to the forms of religion, he could atone for many little delinquencies which, though according to his principles perfectly legitimate in trade, might yet perhaps, after all, prove detrimental to his future welfare. Moreover, his example could not fail to influence others, and he knew of no better insurance for the security of his earthly goods than the improved morality of his fellowmen by setting them a good example. Of course, he would not trammel himself by allowing abstract religion to interfere with his business, nor would he sit under the preaching of a man too apt to apply religion to every-day life. He preferred a smart and intellectual preacher, who was liberal enough to know his position, and who, appreciating the position of his parishioners, knew that 'religion was religion, and trade was trade.' Not so with the outward form of religion. Here Coute Green knew no bounds. He never missed a sermon, neither on Sunday nor during the week; he had great faith in the efficacy of tracts for the poor and uneducated; he thought highly of foreign missions, although he never contributed pecuniary aid towards their advancement; but if he excelled in one thing more than another, he was a great sabbatarian. My first acquaintance with him was on a visit of his to Mr. Pinch, after his return from a short journey to Europe. 'And what do you think of the people of Europe?' inquired Mr. Pinch. 'They are greatly demoralized,' replied Mr. Green. 'And pray why? what is it they do?' 'Why, sir,' replied Mr. Green, 'I have seen the Germans, with their wives and children, drink coffee in the open air, of a Sunday afternoon.'

(To be continued.)

"From Bartoli's pictures, Raphael took many notions of national costume, and perhaps some other particulars; for it is characteristic of great minds to derive advantages even from examples not above mediocrity."—*Lanci*.